This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver Sea,
VVhich ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this Earth this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice and true Chivalry,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* ſonne.
This Land of ſuch deare ſoules, this deare deare Land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
VVhoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the envious ſiedge
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
VVith Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conque others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah, would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, doe rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle, *Lancaſter*?
Ri. VVhat comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
VVithin me grieſe hath kept a teadious faſt,
And who abſtaines from meate, that is not gaunt:
For ſleeping England long time have I watcht
VVatching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,

Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my
And therein faſting, haſt tho
Gaunt am I for the grave, g
VVhoſe hollow wombe i
Rich. Can ſicke men play
Gau. No, miſery makes ſp
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill
I mocke my name (great Ki
Ric. Should dying men fla
Gau. No, no, man living fl
Ric. Thou now a dying, ſa
Gau. O no, thou dyeſt, tho
Rich. I am in health I breat
Gau. Now he that made m
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in
Thy death-bed is no leſſer th
VVherein thou lyeſt in reput
And thou too careleſſe pati
Commit'ſt thy annoynted b
Of thoſe Phyſitions, that fir
A thouſand flatterers ſit wit
VVhoſe compaſſe is no bigg
And yet encaged in ſo ſmall
The waſte is no whit leſſer
Oh had thy Grandſir with a
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſ
From forth thy reach he wou
Depoſing thee before thou v
VVhich art poſſeſt now to de
Why (Coſin) were thou Reg
It were a ſhame to let this L
But for thy world enioying
Is it not more then ſhame, to
Landlord of England art th
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſla
And ——
Rich. And thou, a lunatick
Preſuming on an Agues priv

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19